



October gave a party:
The leaves by hundreds came,
And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything as grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.
The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all the partners,
And gaily flattered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.
Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played,
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended,
In jolly "hands around."

"Madagascar."

He was a big brown dog, the pet of the regiment. Col. R., his master, had brought him from Madagascar, hence his name. When he first joined the company he was devoted exclusively to his owner, but in the course of three months he had become everybody's dog, and with good reason, for all the men made much of him.

When we were at Fair Oaks, Va., Madagascar first began to picket duty. There was one out-post where he always spent the night, no matter what soldier might be on duty there. The various sentinels tried vainly to coax him to other places; he never went.

It gave a fellow a very pleasant sensation to have that big brown dog curled up asleep near him. Madagascar would hear the slightest sound. If a leaf or twig rustled he was on the alert, and would start off to investigate. If he found everything quiet he would return, lie down and go to sleep again. But if it was an enemy or a stranger, he would growl and stand guard until the sentry spoke to him.

One morning in winter, just before dawn, Madagascar suddenly rose and trotted off to a line of oaks. He growled, and the next moment there was a smothered exclamation in a hoarse voice. There followed a burst of flame in front of our picket line, and a shower of bullets whistled by us. One man was shot.

We returned the fire; and then, after a few random shots, silence again reigned. Madagascar had evidently frustrated the enemy's plan of surprising us. For when the relief force came, there was no sign of the attacking party save their tracks in the mud, showing their line of retreat.

But where was Madagascar? Two hours after the little skirmish was over, the noble dog was discovered dragging himself painfully toward the picket post where he had spent the night. He was sorely wounded, and despite all that could be done, he died that day at noon.

Madagascar was buried, wrapped in a tattered flag, and his comrades of the picket-line fired a soldiers' volley over the dog-soldier's grave.

A Bird's Revenge.

Years ago I found in my garden, says a correspondent of the London News, a nest of the shrike. The young birds, four or five in number, were nearly fledged. Having heard a great deal of the predatory habits of the tribe, I was going to wring their necks. I had put them on a hedge, and they sat quite still, but looked so proud and self-possessed, and the dark, glittering eyes that were bent upon me with an expression of disdainful surprise said so plainly: "Have we not as good a right to live as you?" that my conscience smote me, and I could not find it in my heart to kill them.

I walked away to call my daughter, and show them to her, but when I came back they were gone. One morning next year I was in the garden looking at my roses when I felt something hit the back of my head. Turning round not a little startled, I saw a bird flying up to the top of a high tree. When it had got there it said "Check!" Very soon afterward it came down again, flapped its wings against my head, as it had done before, flew up to an opposite tree and repeated its "Check!" At the first glance I had seen that it was a laniar.

Since then and for several days I could never show myself bareheaded in the garden of a morning without being assailed or saluted in the same manner, and soon got quite accustomed to it. When my head happened to be covered I was left alone, and neither my gardener nor any other frequenter of the garden was attacked. It is clear that the bird must have been either one of the nestlings of the preceding year or one of their parents, and that it remembered me probably as the disturber of its peace, not with any feeling of gratitude for having spared a life I might have taken but had not given, for it evidently hit me as hard as it could, and there was an unmistakable sound of satisfied revenge in its cry.

A Sympathetic Parrot.

A little girl hardly more than a baby was found wandering around the streets of Houston, Texas, and taken to the station-house. After questioning, it was discovered that her name was Lula, that her home

was in Galveston, but her mother was visiting her uncle in Houston. The police sergeant promised that he would take Lula home that evening if no one called for her during the day. He did what he could to amuse her, and she was very well contented until five o'clock, and then became restless and the tears flowed copiously. The tender-hearted policeman in vain called Lula's attention to his large and varied assortment of pets, including cats, dogs and a parrot. He was about to give up in despair when he noticed his parrot acting in a singular manner. The bird moved about on its perch as if in great pain, uttering a peculiar noise, and finally left its perch and walked deliberately down the railing to where the child was sitting; then it lowered itself by its beak to the bench. No sooner had it landed safely than it waddled to Lula, and, climbing into her lap, caught hold of her bonnet-strings as if to attract her attention, at the same time uttering a sound something like that of a mother quieting a child. At first Lula was frightened, but in a few minutes her tears were changed to smiles and there was no further trouble until she was restored to her home.

Railroads in China.

The Kaiping railway, which was first opened for carrying coal, has now developed into a very large concern, and it may almost be said that the whole welfare of the adjacent country depends upon it. The length of the completed line is little less than 200 li, but we learn from native sources, the company are now extending their line considerably. Last year the company extended the line from Tongshan to Kooyar, which section will be purely a mercantile concern and free from government control. In the spring the Board of Admiralty memorialized the throne for permission to build a railroad from Kooyar to Shan-hai-kwan, which petition was duly sanctioned by the Emperor, who has now appointed Li Hung Chang, superintendent of Northern trade, to be director-general of the new line. Yu, the Tartar general at Monken, and Clegg, the Tartar general at Kirin, to be co-directors. The board of revenue have already placed the sum of \$15,000,000 at the disposal of Li to begin operations on the undertaking. The Viceroy has made all the necessary arrangements and has appointed two managers to supervise the work. The details of those arrangements have been sent in to the Throne for approval. The two managers appointed by Li are Cow Lun Ding, a Commander-in-chief, and Li Yu Hor, an expectant taotai. The necessary authority and seals have already been given them. The instruction on the seals is to the effect that the road from Tientsin to Tongshan and Kaiping is to continue under the control of the Kaiping company, and that Tong Kingsing and Woo Nan Ko are to continue carrying on the work they hitherto have been engaged in. The two managers, Chow and Li, have left for Linchow to purchase suitable sites for building purposes, to buy out the route the railway will follow right up Shan-hai-kwan, and to make other arrangements for beginning work at once.

Didn't Like to Churn.

"Churn-dog" stories are always in order. A city man, who used to live on a farm, as so many city men did when they were boys, sends us this: "At home on the farm we had a number of cows, so many that churning was too heavy a task for even the men folks, and so Mr. L. rigged up a dog-churn, an inclined wheel, a sort of a canine treadmill. It became the duty of Ponto, a large white mastiff, to tread that monotonous cycle, and notwithstanding the toilsome bit of meat that was fastened on a lath within four inches of his nose, he was not at all proud of his position and responsibility. He made several attempts to shirk his task, and twice succeeded. He got to know when churning-day came around as well as any one in the house. On the morning of that day he would loiter about the kitchen door until he was fed, and as soon as he heard the note of preparation—the bringing of the cream jugs, preparing the churn, etc.—he would put for the woods and would not be seen again until night.

"The day of churning was changed, and next morning a more crestfallen and astonished dog was never seen when he was collared and harnessed to the beam which set the dash in motion; he looked positively foolish. He did his work, but with lowered head and in cogitation, evidently.

"On another occasion he tried another dodge. When they were about to put him on the wheel he ran up to his mistress, holding up one paw, affecting to be lame. She thought much of the dog, and was inclined to let him off that day. The next instant he was seen charging over a high fence after a neighbor's cat. 'Well,' said the old lady, 'if he can go after a cat like that, he is able to churn.' And he did, and never tried to shirk his work again."

Who Was King?

Charles III., out hunting one day, got separated from the hunt and entered the cottage of a cobbler for refreshment. The man gave him bread and cheese and began to talk about the King, expressing much anxiety to see him. "Mount behind me," said his guest, and I will show him to you. "But how shall I know him?" "Why, the King will be the only one covered." By this time they had come up to the gables, and the cobbler looked about for the King. He found soon that he alone and the King had their hats on; so rising to the occasion, he tapped the King on the shoulder and said: "I think it must be either you or I, sir."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

WHAT GREAT MINDS HAVE BEEN MASTERING.

Relics of the Telegraph.—Utilizing Mill Waste.—A Curious Little Experiment.—Lighthouse Illuminations.—The Edison Motor.

Relics of the Telegraph.

The Western Union Telegraph Company is endeavoring to secure, for exhibition at the World's Fair the slip bearing the first message sent by Morse's telegraph as it actually was recorded by the instrument.

Another telegraphic relic of the same nature which should be exhibited at the World's Fair can hardly be obtained from the Duke of Wellington. This is the original slip of the first message that was sent from one country to another through a wire laid under the sea. Such a relic, in the light of the wonderful development of submarine telegraphy, certainly equals in historical interest the first message sent by Morse's telegraph. Early in the year 1850 the first submarine cable was laid between England and France. The cable consisted merely of an insulated wire without any external protection, and it was hastily made and laid so that telegraphic communication between the two countries might be established, even if only for a few hours, in order to save the franchise, which was about to expire. Mr. F. C. Webb, the veteran submarine cable engineer, was then a midshipman in the royal navy, and his ship being anchored off Dover when the tug started the cable toward Calais he secured permission to accompany the expedition. The wire was laid down without mishap, leaden weights being attached to it at intervals to sink it to the bottom.

When the instruments were connected up it was found that the cable answered its purpose admirably, and the tape soon began to flow forth at the receiving end. Those in charge of the line were about to destroy the slip; but Mr. Webb, being of an archaeological turn of mind; and foreseeing that one day such a relic would have great historical interest, carefully folded up the piece bearing the first message and labeled it for preservation. The cable only lasted a few hours, as on the following day a French fisherman picked it up with his anchor and straightway chopped it in two.

The famous Duke of Wellington was at that time lord warden of the cinque ports, and was residing at Walmer Castle, near Dover. During a visit to the Commander of Mr. Webb's ship, the Iron Duke heard of the relic which Mr. Webb had secured and expressed some interest in it, and the result was that the relic changed hands, Mr. Webb making a present of it to the Duke.

It is well known that the famous general preserved his papers and other possessions in the most systematic manner, and it is probable that the present Duke of Wellington will be able to find the message, and would no doubt lend it for exhibition at the World's Fair, if asked to do so.—Electricity.

A Pretty Experiment.

A pretty and interesting experiment, which may be new to some readers, is that by which the growth of an oak plant can be watched from its earliest stages.

Cut a circular piece of card to fit the top of a hyacinth glass, so as to rest upon the ledge and exclude the air. Pierce a hole through the center of the card and pass through it a strong thread, having a small piece of wood tied to one end, which, resting transversely on the card, prevents its being drawn through.

To the other end of the thread attach an acorn; and having filled the glass with water, suspend the acorn at a short distance from the surface.

The glass must be kept in a warm room. In a few days the stem which has generated in the glass will hang from the acorn in a large drop. Soon the acorn will burst, and the root will protrude and thrust itself into the water; in a few days more a stem will shoot out at the other end, and rising upward, will press against the card, in which a hole must be made to allow it to pass through.

From this stem small leaves will soon sprout, and in the course of a few weeks the experimenter will be rewarded by having a sturdy little oak plant, several inches in height.

The Edison Motor.

"In the course of a few years the locomotive of today will be but rarely seen," said General Superintendent Collins, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, in speaking of Inventor Edison's latest project in the electric motor line. "The companies will be quick enough to take it up for their own use, as every one is on the alert for progression and will gladly welcome anything new and practical, as I think this motor is."

Assistant General Manager Wood, of the Chicago & Alton road, thought the invention would revolutionize traffic, but the cost it would save would be needed to keep the roadbeds in repair. "The higher rate of speed an engine travels," he said, "the heavier and more firm must the roadbed be. The expenses of constantly attending to the roadbed, the ballast, the rails and ties would about eat up all that could be saved by lessening the running expenses. Mr. Edison has a great invention and the railroads of the country will eventually take it up but I think it will be some time before they do. There are so many engines

in use and they represent such an enormous expenditure of money that railroad companies will not be in too great haste to set them aside. But as the old ones wear out the new motors will take their place."

Curious Little Experiment.

Prof. Bruylants, of the University of London, is credited with a curious little experiment. He writes a word with a pencil on a sheet of paper resting on several other sheets, from which he draws one bearing no trace of the pencil marks. On exposing it, however, over a heated capsule containing iodine for a few minutes, the paper is seen to grow yellowish, and the letters of the word stand out of a violet-brown color. On moistening the paper, the letters appear as violet on a blue ground. M. Leconte, who gives an account of this experiment, says that it will also reveal the words effaced from paper by a correspondent. Prof. Bruylants explains it on the ground that paper contains starch, and under the influence of moisture and pressure forms a slight quantity of hydramide, a substance analogous to hydrated starch, which forms at a temperature of 60 degrees C. The iodine colors the starch blue. In writing, the pressure of the pencil forces the water from the fibres of the paper, and a little hydramide is formed, which is colored by the iodine more deeply than the rest of the paper.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lighthouse Illuminations.

Mr. John R. Wigham, of Dublin, has just issued a pamphlet on the subject of lighthouse illuminations, being his evidence before the Committee of the Royal Society appointed by the Board of Trade to look into the Trinity House report of the experiments at South Foreland. Mr. Wigham points out the disadvantages of the electric light for lighthouse purposes, showing that in clear weather it is dazzling and misleading to the mariner, and that in foggy weather it is comparatively useless. This evidence is strikingly corroborated by the recent manifesto of the London Shipmasters' Society who stated that in certain conditions of the atmosphere the electric light is invisible while the oil lights of lightships and gaslights of seaside towns are comparatively bright and distinct, and still more recently confirmed by the French lightship authorities respecting the lightships of Cape La Heve, where, for a time, an oil light was substituted for one of the electric lights, when it was found that in very thick weather, though it was impossible to make out the electric light, the oil light was still sufficiently visible.

Utilizing Mill Waste.

Useful products from bleaching powder dregs and lime mud from paper mills can be obtained, according to a patent taken out by Mr. Hutchinson, of Manchester.

It is the usual custom to wash the bleaching powder dregs so as to get all the bleaching powder out of them, and then throw away what is left. According to this patent these dregs constitute a milk of lime, and may be used to causticize carbonate of soda. If they cannot be used for that they are to be filter-pressed and used in any convenient manner; but if used for causticizing, the carbonate of lime produced is pressed and washed in the filter press, and may be compressed into bricks, which may be dried and burned into lime again. So far as this process prevents a nuisance and the pollution of water-courses by the bleaching powder or caustic soda bottoms it is good, but the lime bottoms themselves are to be valued at a very low figure.—British Papermaker.

The Probabilities of a Celestial Cataclysm.

A German astronomer, Herr Jager, has arrived at the conclusion, based upon observations made by Mons. Hermann on the movement of 49 stars in the visual region, that the solar system, with reference to the relative positions of the visible stars, moves with a velocity of 20 miles per second; the mean speed of the so-called fixed stars being about 27 miles per second. Herr Jager goes further; by means of calculations analogous to those of the kinetic theory of gases, he estimates that each star encounters another in 328 billions of billions of years. The probabilities of a celestial cataclysm consequent upon the impact of two or more sidereal bodies are therefore apparently very remote.—Iron.

Electrically Welded Projectiles.

The latest application of electric welding is to the construction of projectiles. The shells for modern quick-firing guns have to be furnished with an intensely hard point for armour-piercing purposes, and, until recently, none but the smallest sizes have been successfully made. It would, however, appear that the electric welding process will come in play with excellent effect, as it is now possible to cheaply and rapidly furnish the steel body of the shell with a chrome steel point which will prove all that can be desired.—Iron.

Eggs Boiled Without Fire.

A new method of boiling eggs without either fire or hot water has been invented by a Frenchman. "In a little iron vessel of some kind," reads the recipe, put your egg or eggs with a small piece of quick lime. By the means of a stout string lower this into a pit. Two minutes later pull it up and you will discover your eggs to be cooked to a turn.

IN A LIGHTER STRAIN.

SOME GOOD JOKES GLEANED FROM BRIGHT EXCHANGES.

Humorous Incidents, Bright Sayings and Fun-Provoking Sketches of Various Kinds Compiled From Latest Productions.

The Use of the Other Barrel.

The forethought shown by the hero of the William Tell legend, in preparing a second arrow to shoot the tyrant should the first have killed his boy, is not confined to heroic times. An American gold-seeker in California once adopted similar practical means, though with a less dignified motive.

When he arrived at the diggings—so relates one of the early miners—one of the first persons to attract his notice there was a man who, at an impracticable table, made by placing boards upon the tops of barrels, was prepared to serve coffee and food to the other miners.

The new arrival was as poor as he was hungry, and therefore endeavored to conciliate the restaurant keeper by every means in his power hoping that he might so far ingratiate himself with that dignitary as to obtain credit for a meal. The hour for dinner arrived, and the proprietor of the hotel went into his shanty and appeared with a double-barrelled gun which he proceeded to fire once in front of the house.

"What are you firing for?" asked the newcomer innocently.

"Oh," answered the man, "I keep a sort of restaurant, and that's my dinner bell. The miners here are scattered round for two or three miles."

"But," said the stranger, "they may not hear the first barrel. Why don't you make a sure thing of it, and shoot off the second?"

A wicked smile passed over the grim countenance of the old settler, and he looked at the querist with meaning as he said, "That there one I keep to collect the price of the dinner with."

Why They Laughed.

He was a very nice young man, and was got up in the highest style of art. He sat in the tramcar and regarded with evident admiration a pair of very positive, very loudly-checked, and very new trousers, which he pulled up carefully at the knees to prevent any tendency to bagging.

The car rattled and clattered along, and all the passengers gazed into upward vacancy, like all tramcar passengers do. Finally a fair maiden, who sat opposite the young man, saw something and giggled, after the fashion of her kind. Then she looked at the nice young man and giggled again, then she nudged her fair companion, and the fair companion gazed across the car, looked at the nice young man and giggled. A small boy followed their looks, stared at something over the young man's head, and he, too, laughed quietly.

All this annoyed the nice young man, who had been looking very wise, and when two or three other passengers joined in the chorus, he began to wriggle and ceased looking wise. The laughing increased, and grew, and spread, and the nice young man grew desperate. He got up to see what it was over his head that caused the unseemly cacophonization. He found it. It was one of those big cardboard advertisements that adorn tramcars. It was printed in big black letters, and it said—

A Boodler Sentenced.

Judge (severely)—"You have been found guilty of stealing the people's money and you are sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of five hundred thousand dollars."

Great Boodler—"Yes, y'r honor."

Judge—"But as you will never be able to pay the fine, the fine is remitted."

Boodler—"Thank you, judge."

Judge—"And if you conduct yourself properly the law will allow time for good behavior, and you can get out in about a year and a half."

Boodler—"Thanks, judge."

Judge—"And, by the way, if you happen to feel ill in a week or two, the court will issue an order allowing you to go home to die."

Boodler—"Thanks, judge; but suppose I don't die?"

Judge—"Don't mention it. Call the next case."—New York Weekly.

A Sovereign Remedy.

A young physician commencing practice had among his first patients an uncommonly unclean infant brought to his office in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child a moment, he solemnly remarked, "It seems to be suffering from hydropathic hydrophobia." "Och, docter dear, is it as bad as that cried the mother. "That's abig sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the crathur?" "Wash its face, madam; the disease will go off with the dirt." Wash its face—wash its face, indeed exclaimed the mother, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know?" "Wash your own, madam—wash your own."—Harper's Magazine.

Thirst for Knowledge.

Tramp (with an old school-book)—"Say, mister, will yer kindly tell me what letter this is?"

Pedestrian—"Certainly. That's L. Can't you read?"

"No, sir; but I'm tryin' to learn, an' I sha'n't rest till I do, nuther."

"I am delighted to find so laudable and ambition in one of your class. You have taken the right course at last."

"Yes, sir. It's mighty rough on a traveler like me not ter be able to tell whether a sign says 'Beware o' the dog' or 'Free Lunch Opening.'"

Good News.

A Good Deal to Say.

Judge—"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced?"

Prisoner—"Kin I say wot I please?"

Judge—"Certainly."

Prisoner—"And won't you pronounce sentence until I get through?"

Judge—"No."

Prisoner—"Can I talk as long as I want to?"

Judge—"Certainly."

Prisoner—"Well, judge, you can just settle y'rself down for a twenty year chat."

Knowledge Is Power.

Doctor. "You notice a marked increase in your appetite?"

Patient. "Yes."

Doctor. "Sleep longer and more heavily than usual?"

Patient. "Yes."

Doctor. "Feel very fatigued after much exercise?"

Patient. "Yes."

Doctor. "Hm! Very grave case. But the researches of science, sir, enable us to cope with your malady, and I think I can pull you through."

For Callers.

"Mr. Upholsterer, I would like to buy a nice reception chair. Something new."

"We have just the thing, madame. Here it is. Made especially for our trade. Take a seat on it."

"Dear me! Why, this chair is awful! I couldn't sit on it for five minutes. I never sat on such an uncomfortable thing in my life!"

"Exactly, madame. That is just the idea. You see, it is made for callers."

Most Likely.

Examiner: "I am surprised that you have all made mistakes in answering the question. Where was Magna charta signed? Think over it—can no one tell me?"

Little Boy (at bottom of class): "I can, sir."

Examiner: "Well?"

Little Boy: "At the bottom of the page."

Wanted Too Much.

At a well-known West End restaurant a patron complains of the amount of his bill. "But what am I to do sir?" says the manager. "You can't have magnificent mirrors and rich ornaments like these unless you pay for them. You can't have frescoes and genuine gilt for nothing, sir."

The customer responds, phlegmatically: "Let the waiter remove them. I didn't order them."

He Was Bashful.

Sarcastic Father: "Julia, that young man Smiley has been here three nights in succession, and it has been nearly midnight when he left. Hadn't you better invite him to bring his bag and baggage, and make his home with us?"

Innocent Daughter: "Oh, papa! may I? It's just what he wanted, but was too bashful to ask you. He'll be delighted when I tell him this evening."

Gallant to a Fault.

Loriston, whose gallantry toward the fair is proverbial, chancing to meet an elderly coquette, blurted out, "Madame, you grow younger every day!"

"Monsieur Loriston, you are making game of me!"

"Now, now, don't be vexed; instead of every day we'll say every other day, there!"—Le Petit Parisien.

A Good Paper.

Subscriber: "That was a grand paper you got out last week."

Country Editor: "I am glad to hear that you were pleased with it."

Subscriber: "Then stories you had in about them fellers been cured of long-standin' diseases were the entertainingest bit of news I've read for a long time."

A Rushing Business.

"Much business this morning?" said the chemist to his new assistant as he entered the shop, which was also a post-office.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth; "I've had a busy morning of it. There has been six women in to look at the Directory, and I've obliged eight people with postage stamps, besides changing a sovereign."

Sufficient Provocation.

Lawyer: "Did he charge you with lying in so many words?"

Client: "Well, he called me a weather forecast."

Lawyer: "That is sufficient. You stand a good chance of getting damages."

Not Pleasant.

Wife: "What a terrible thing it is to be buried alive."

Husband: "Yes, and it isn't such a deliciously pleasant thing to be buried dead, either."

Good Advice.

Young Author: "Can you tell me how to become a good poet?"

Editor: "The very first thing for you to do is to die. All the good ones are dead."